

DELL
A DELL COMIC
NO. 212

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DR. BOBBS

By Elliott and McArdle





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DOCTOR BOBBS

By Elliott and McArdle



A DEEP GLOOM HANGS OVER THE PALACE THAT IS THE HOME OF ADAM WORTHINGTON BROKES, HOARDER OF GOLD MINES, LANDLORD OF COUNTLESS ACRES OF RICH OIL FIELDS.

AS THE FABULOUSLY WEALTHY ADAM W BROKES HOVERS BETWEEN THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT...

MY POOR FATHER— IS HE WEAKER, DOCTOR?

CONSIDERABLY— YOU MAY SEE HIM FOR PRECISELY THIRTY SECONDS!



IT IS I—JUNIOR, FATHER.... HOW DO YOU—



PHEW!— FATHER MAY BE WEAKER, BUT IT HASN'T IMPAIRED HIS AIM IN THE SLIGHTEST!



YOU SAW YOUR FATHER, JUNIOR?

HARDLY. THE DEAR OLD BOY GREETED ME WITH A WELL-AIMED FLOWER POT. HE SEEMED.... ER... REMARKABLY STRONG!!

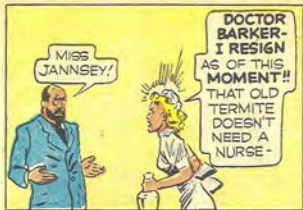


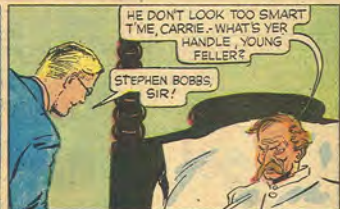
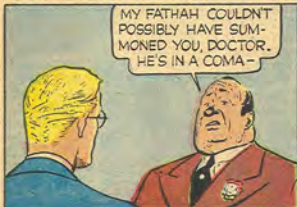
THEN HE WON'T-- THAT IS YOU THINK FATHAH WILL R-RECOVER? (SNIFF) WONDERFUL!

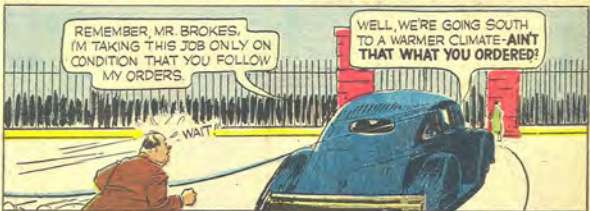


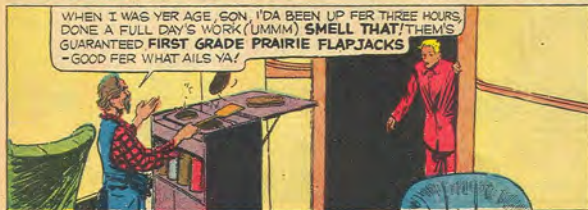
LISTEN TO THEM VULTURES! PRETENDING THEY AIN'T JUST WAITING FOR THE OLD MAN TO PASS OUT— LEAVING NOTHING FOR THEM— EXCEPT ABOUT A HUNDRED MILLION BUCKS!!













LOOK HERE, MR. BROKES, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A SICK MAN!

YEP - I WAS - AND ALL THE TIME THE CURE FER WHAT AILED ME WAS AS SIMPLE AS ROLLIN' OFFN A LOG!



DON'T NEED NO MEDICINE - BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD FER ME IS -



FLAPJACKS - MADE UP T' M'OWN SPECIAL FORMULA - PULL UP A CHAIR, SON!



I DONT WANT TO SEEM THE PRYING TYPE, MR. BROKES, BUT WHEN I WAS CALLED IN TO MINISTER TO AN AILING OLD MAN -



I HADN'T ANY IDEA THAT SAID OLD MAN WAS PLAYING AT BEING SICK!



DIDN'T FOOL YA FER MORE'N A MINNIT, DID I, ME BUCKO? - WELL, PRE-TENDIN' T'BE AILIN'....



...WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK T'THROW OFF THAT SNIVELIN', GRABBIN' FAMILY OF MINE - AND GO SOUTH FER M'HEALTH!



SO! - YOU BROUGHT ME ALONG ON THIS GLORIFIED HASH HOUSE AS CAMOUFLAGE, EH? - WELL, I'M TOO BUSY TO PLAY YOUR GAMES WITH YOU, MR BROKES -



NOW, DON'T GET YER DANDER UP YOUNG FELLER.. I.. I AIN'T AS WELL AS I ACT..



NOPE, I AIN'T NO SPRING CHICKEN, BUT I GOT M' TEETH, AND I GOT M' GOOD SENSE!



SON, J'EVER HEAR TELL OF - JACKTOWN??



EVER HEAR OF JACKTOWN, DOC?



OF COURSE, WHO HASN'T HEARD OF THE TOWN THAT'S BEEN BUILT UP AND SUPPORTED BY CARLOADS OF MONEY?



MILLIONS!

SENT MYSTERIOUSLY BY A STRANGE CHARACTER WHOM NOBODY KNOWS OR HAS EVER SEEN!



THAT'S RIGHT!

A CRAZY SORT OF OLD COOT WHO WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT-



THAT I AM, SON ... THAT I AM!!!

YOU MEAN, YOU'RE THE MYSTERIOUS "CACTUS JACK," THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS?



NO ONE - 'CEPT YOU - AND ME!!!



WE GET TO JACKTOWN IN THE MORNING - THAT'S THE FORMER GHOST TOWN THAT WAS BUILT UP INTO A THRIVING COMMUNITY BY A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER CALLED "CACTUS JACK!"



I 'REMEMBER - HE SENDS THEM MONTHLY CHECKS FOR PARKS, SCHOOLS, PLAY-GROUNDS AND THE LIKE AND NO ONE KNOWS WHO HE IS!!

BUT WHERE DO I FIT INTO THE PICTURE OF "CACTUS JACK" AND JACKTOWN?



UP IN THE GENERAL PASSENGER COACH AHEAD!

PULL UP TO A MESS O'JACKS, SON, AND I'LL TELL YA A STORY NO LIVIN' MAN HAS HEERED BEFORE!



'TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IT WAS THAT I COME TO THIS HERE LITTLE DUST SPOT- MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, AFTER THREE MONTHS PROSPECTIN' FER GOLD...



'THEN I SMELT 'EM FLAPJACKS, I'M FRESH OUTA SUPPLIES AND HALF-STARVED WHEN I STOP BY THIS WINDER... PERFUME IN A SKILLET...'



* AND SHE COMES TO THE WINDER... *



AND WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE, MR. MAN?

SNIFFIN' MA'AM.... JEST SNIFFIN'!



WE'LL STOP SNIFFIN' AND COME INSIDE- GOT MORE BATTER THAN WE NEED!



'THAT WAS WHEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH MARTHA ALLGOOD!'

'T WAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I MET MARTHA ALLGOOD, SON.



MARTHA'S FLAPJACKS WAS MADE FROM A SECRET FORMULA SHE THUNK UP HERSELF!

THESE TASTE LIKE THEY SMELL MA'AM... LIKE HEAVEN!!



* BUT A MORSEL STICKS RIGHT IN M' THROAT WHEN I HEARS THE WAIL OF A BABY... *

K-KIN THAT BE THE VOICE OF A CHILD I HEAR, MA'AM... YOUR YOUNG 'UN?



WHOSE YOUNG 'UN YOU'D EXPECT IN A BODY'S OWN KITCHEN MR. MAN?

WHA-AA-AA



BUT M'APPETITE COMES FLASH IN' BACK T'ME WHEN SHE SAYS!

CISSIE'S HALF AN ORPHAN ... HER PAW PASSED AWAY FOUR MONTHS AGO.



THE WONDERFUL CREATURE'S A **WIDDER** WOMAN ... NO DOUBT CRAVIN' THE STRONG PERFECTIN' ARMS OF A HANDSOME MAN!



"IN THE MORNIN' I'D EAT MARTHA'S FLAPJACKS--AND IN THE EVENIN'--"



"I'D GO COURTIN' THE BEAUTIFUL WIDDER, ALLGOOD."



HAVE YA NOTICED THE MOON, MA'AM, ALL GOLDEN AND ROUND AND FLUFFY ... LIKE ONE OF YER OWN AMAZIN', TASTY FLAPJACKS!



T-'TIS THE MONTH OF JUNE, MARTHA ALLGOOD ... AND WHILST CRICKETS IS WOONIN' CRICKETS AND HORNED TOADS BLOWIN' LOVE DITTIES AT THEIR INTENDED...



STOP WHERE YOU ARE CACTUS JACK!



IT WAS
LITTLE
CISSIE
BELLERIN'

WHEN A GROWIN' MAN BEGINS SPOUTIN'
ABOUT CRICKETS AND HORNED TOADS -
HE'S AIMIN' T' PROPOSE - BUT, LISTEN TO
THAT SOUND, JACK!

WAAA-AA

YOU'RE A FINE MAN, JACK -
BUT I PROMISED MYSELF T'LIVE
ONLY FER CISSIE - T'GIVE ALL MY
LOVE AND STRENGTH T'HER.....

I ONLY GOT ROOM FER CISSIE NOW, JACK, AND
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA BE TILL SHE'S A FINE,
GROWN, EDUCATED LADY - I'M **REAL SORRY**, IF
I HURT YA, JACK!

- AND SHE
MEANT IT! -

WHEN MARTHA ALLGOOD REFUSED
M' PERFECTION, SAYIN' SHE WANTS
T' DEVOTE HER LIFE T' HER DAUGHTER,
CISSIE, I UPS AND LEAVES
THAT TOWN!

WHEN I STRIKES IT
RICH IN OIL, I DECIDED
T' SHOW M' LOVE FER
MARTHA BY HELPIN'
HER -



BUT, -KNOWIN' HER PRIDE
IN FENDIN' FER HERSELF-
I HADDA DO IT **SECRET-LIKE.**



YA SEE THIS HERE TOWN, -WELL,
I WANT **ALL OUR PIPE LINES T'RUN
SMACK THROUGH IT!**

B- BUT, MR.
BROKES, THAT'S
FIFTY MILES OUT
OF THE WAY -IT
WILL COST YOU
EXTRA THOUSANDS.



**IT'S MY THOUSANDS
-AIN'T IT?**



THAT TOWN, DOC, WAS
THE TOWN MARTHA
LIVED IN.



SO YOU BEGAN TO BUILD
UP MARTHA'S TOWN, KNOWING
THAT SHE WOULD BENEFIT
INDIRECTLY FROM ITS
PROSPERITY!

YUP, -AND IN A
COUPLE OF YEARS
IT WUZ **BOOMIN'!**



**FER TWENTY YEARS, I BEEN
SENDIN' MONEY BACK T'
JACKTOWN, SIGNIN' THE
CHECKS PLAIN 'CACTUS
JACK'!**



THE CHECKS
IS FER SCHOOLS,
LIBRARIES, -
PARKS



I WANTS ONLY THE BEST
THINGS FER MARTHA'S
DAUGHTER, AND THAT
WAS THE ONLY WAY I
KNOWED HOW T'DO IT!





RIGHT ABOUT HERE,
THERE WUZ 'NOTHIN'
BUT SAGEBRUSH
AN' DUST WHEN
I LEFT—

WELL,
THE
SAGEBRUSH
IS GONE!



JACK — SOMETHING ABOUT
OUR APPROACHING FRIEND
REMINDS ME OF A
STORMTROOPER.

YA KIN STOP FRETTEIN'
SON. THIS IS JACKTOWN
'FRIENDLY T'ALL WHO
ENTER'!



DON'T LOOK SO FRETFUL,
SON. YA DON'T JUDGE
A MAN BY THE CLUB
HE WEARS—



BEGGIN' YER
PARDON FER
INTERRUPTIN'
YER SIESTA,
GENTS—

WHA'D
I TELL YA
SON, SWEET
AS BUTTER!



BUT JACKTOWN'S GOT A
SPECIAL WELCOME FER
BUMS AND TRAMPS —



LEGGO
M'ARM,
YOU —

YOU CAN
HAVE IT BACK
IN JUST A MINUTE
—RUN, JACK!!!



UMMMPH!



HE'S ALL RIGHT—BUT
WE'D BETTER NOT
LINGER, JACK!!!



NOT A VERY FRIENDLY
WELCOME. T'A TOWN YA BUILT
UP ALL BY YERSELF, I MUST SAY.



I REMEMBER DISTINCT-
LIKE SENDIN' THIS TOWN
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
FER THE SPECIAL PURPOSE.





IT'S A LIE-NUTHIN' CONNECTED WITH MARTHA ALLGOOD COULD EVER BE ANYTHIN' BUT CLEAN AN' GOOD!

THIS BUILDING CONDEMNED AS UNSAFE AND UNSANITARY-- BY ORDER OF MAYOR CROSS



BUCK UP, JACK-- THERE'S AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS!

IT'S A SORE BLOW, SON...



HEY!



I SAY DOWN WITH CACTUS JACK, THE MYSTERY MOONSHINER, AND HIS HENCHMEN IN CITY HALL--



BEAT IT-- HERE COME CRUSS'S MAULERS!!



LET ME GO!!

SURE..SURE, GIRLIE... AS SOON AS YER BAIL IS PAID UP, COME QUIET NOW!



SON, THAT GIRL WUZ SAYIN' SOME MIGHTY UNPLEASANT THINGS ABOUT ME!

AND THERE ARE APPARENTLY A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO AGREED WITH HER!







IT DON'T HARDLY SEEM FAIR,
YER HONOR, T'SEND A GAL
T'JAIL JEST FER SPEAKIN'
HER MIND!

PHEW!



I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE **PLENTY**
OF TIME FOR THINKING
OUT YOUR NEXT SPEECH,
OLD MAN.—



ALL RIGHT, MISS ALL GOOD,
YOU GOT **TWO DAYS** TO
PONDER THE ERROR OF
YOUR WAYS.



NOW WE GOT **SPECIAL TREATMENT** FER TRAMPS IN
JACKTOWN.— INSTEAD OF FEEDING AND HOUSING
THEM, WE KIND OF FIGURE THEY'D LIKE TO KEEP THEIR
SELF-RESPECT BY **WORKING** OUT THEIR FINE !!!!



A FAIR-MINDED AND
SENSIBLE MAN— THAT
JUDGE FLUNK. WITH A
SOUND OUTLOOK ON FOLKS'
HEALTH.



THE JUDGE FIGGERS THAT
WHILE CRIMINALS IS
REPENTIN' THEIR SINS—



THEY CAN BE BUILDIN' UP
THEIR **MUSCLES**— GRAB IT
OLD MAN!!



NOW START MAKIN' LITTLE
ONES OUTA BIG ONES—
AND NO LOAFIN'—
UNDERSTAND?



SO THEM IS THE
FELLERS THAT IS
RUNNIN' THE
TOWN I SPENT
MILLIONS
ON!



SON, I DIDN'T FIGGER
ON NOTHIN' LIKE THIS
WHEN I ASKED YA TO
COME ALONG WITH ME!









FEELING BETTER, JACK?

AIN'T NUTHIN' WRONG WITH ME A LITTLE SNOOPIN' WON'T CURE.



FIRST-WE GOTTA FIND OUT WHO'S ADMINISTERIN' THE FUNDS I BEEN SENDIN' THIS TOWN.



WHO WERE THE CHECKS ADDRESSED TO, JACK?

I GOT IT!



THE MONEY WAS SENT TO THE MAYOR OF JACKTOWN, T'ADMINISTER, ACCORDIN T'MY SUGGESTIONS!

THE MAYOR!!



SO YOU SENT THE MONEY TO THE MAYOR OF JACK-TOWN, EH?

YEP!! WITH SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO USE IT!



AND WAS THE MONEY EVER ACKNOWLEDGED?

NOPE!-NO ONE KNEW WHO I WAS-OR WHERE I WAS!



HOW ABOUT RECORDS-RECEIPTS-CANCELLED CHECKS-



NOPE! WRITE THE LETTER M'SELF, IN LONGHAND, AND BURNED UP THE CANCELLED CHECKS, AS FAST AS THEY CAME BACK FROM JACKTOWN!



PROVING THAT YOUR DONATIONS TO JACKTOWN WERE MISHANDLED, IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, JACK.



IF I'DA KNOWN LAST WEEK WHAT I KNOW NOW, I'DA NEVER SENT THEM THAT LAST CHECK-



WAIT A MINUTE!! YOU SAY YOU RECENTLY SENT THEM A CHECK?- HOW MUCH AND WHAT FOR??



LEMME SEE... WAS IT FER A BATHIN'-POOL --NOPE... BUILT THAT IN '38...

THINK, JACK THINK!!!









'COURSE, I HAD TO LET HER GO, MAYOR. -JUST THOUGHT I'D THROW A LITTLE SCARE INTO HER.

SHE DON'T SCARE EASY!



HOW'D YOU FIGURE SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT US OWNING THAT PROPERTY ON 'GENECA AVE? - THE LOT WE PICKED FER THE CLINIC.



EVERY WOMAN KNOWS MORE THAN YOU COUNT ON HER KNOWIN'-WHAT'LL WE DO NEXT?



IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T BUILD THE CLINIC THERE **NOW**— WE GOTTA HUNT AROUND FER SOME OTHER LAND — **CHEAP LAND**



MISS CISSIE, JACK AND I WERE WONDERING ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FIGHT AGAINST MAYOR CRUSS AND HIS GANG.

WELL, SINCE YOU'RE LIVING IN THIS TOWN, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE WORST— AND THE WORST IS **MAYOR CRUSS AND HIS FRIENDS!!**



FOR YEARS THIS TOWN HAS BEEN RECEIVING "GIFTS" FROM "CACTUS JACK"—THE MAYOR GETS THE MONEY FROM "CACTUS" AND THEN RAISES **ANOTHER EQUAL SUM** TO BUILD A HOSPITAL, A SCHOOL—

WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH MAYOR CRUSS DOUBLING THE MONEY "CACTUS JACK" SENDS THIS TOWN, BY PUBLIC CONTRIBUTIONS?

THIS! AND IT HAPPENS TOO OFTEN FOR COINCIDENCE—THE SITE CHOSEN BY THE MAYOR FOR THE PROPOSED BUILDING HAS BEEN **SECRETLY OWNED BY THE MAYOR—OR SOME MEMBER OF HIS POLITICAL GANG!**



WHAT SEEMED T'UPSET
THAT TELEGRAPH FELLER,
COME T'THINK OF IT, WAS
MY SENDIN' IT **COLLECT!**



CISSIE SAID WE
WERE TO **WAIT**
AND SHE LOOKED
KINDA **MAD!**



SHHH!
HERE SHE
COMES!

JACK, STEVE, WE'RE
GETTING DOWN TO
BUSINESS - WE'RE
GOING TO DECLARE
WAR ON MAYOR
CRUSS!



I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR OF
THIS TOWN IN **EARNEST**—
BECAUSE I THINK I CAN
REALLY WIN!



YOU KIN,
CISSIE,
YOU
REALLY
KIN!

BEFORE YOU TWO
WANDERED INTO MY
LIFE, I WASN'T SURE....
IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!



WE'LL KEEP PUNCHING
AWAY AT THE MAYOR AND
HIS PHONY "CACTUS JACK"



WHO IS
CACTUS JACK?
OUR GUESS IS
THAT HE'S NONE
OTHER THAN
"BLEEDING
HEART"
MAYOR CRUSS!

—AND I SAY THERE IS NO CACTUS JACK—OTHER THAN
MAYOR CRUSS, HIMSELF! — I SAY THAT THE FICTITIOUS
CHARACTER OF CACTUS JACK WAS CREATED BY MAYOR
CRUSS, AS A SCHEME TO FLEECE YOU CITIZENS OUT OF
CONTRIBUTIONS.



YAAAAA!

THE CROWDS AT CISSIE ALLGOOD'S
MEETINGS SEEM TO BE GETTING
BIGGER AND MORE ENTHUSIASTIC,
MAYOR!



IT'S GETTIN' PAST
THE JOKIN' STAGE, JUDGE.
WE CAN'T KEEP TOSSIN'
HER INTA JAIL ON
FLIMSY CHARGES —
PEOPLE'LL BEGIN
T'WONDER!!

UP TO NOW THEM FOLKS THAT DIDN'T THINK CISSIE WAS JUST A SPIRITED GIRL, ARE BEGINNING TO LISTEN TO HER CHARGES AGAINST YOU WITH MORE THAN JUST A GRIN.



YEH! CISSIE ALLGOOD'S TAKEN OFF HER GLOVES - AND AIN'T SHE GONNA BE SURPRISED T'FIND OUT HOW DIRTY HER HANDS IS GONNA GET! - TSK, TSK!



UMM-M- MISS CISSIE - YER BEIN' PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS LICKIN' MAYOR CRUSS, AIN'CHA?



HAVE YOUNG JIM DO THE ARTWORK AND PRINT 500 OF THEM IN A HURRY!!



OUCH!

SHHH-



MAYOR CRUSS OF JACKTOWN ARRIVES AT HIS OFFICE, THE PICTURE OF DIGNITY AND COMPOSURE.



ULG!
WHA!
LUHG-



YOU-YOU MARBLE-HEADED SPINDLY-LEGGED NIN-COMPOOP! ALLOWIN' THEM POSTERS T'BE PASTERED ALL OVER TOWN - TEAR EM' DOWN!



YEAH! I'VE SEEN 'EM. - COME OVER HERE QUICK, JUDGE - WE'RE PUTTIN' A FINISH TALL THESE SHENANIGANS!



WELL, MISS CISSIE, THOSE POSTERS SURE STIRRED UP A HORNETS' NEST!



SPEAKING OF HORNETS - I'M ALL AQUIVER, WONDERING WHAT MAYOR CRUSS'S ANSWER TO THIS WILL BE!











